
The Jacks put to their Trumps :

A
T A L E
OF AN
Irish Shilling.

The Jacks put to their Trumps:

T A L E



Three Shillings.

ON
BUTTER

The Jacks put to their Trumps :

A
T A L E
O F A
King *JAMES's*
Irish Shilling:



*Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri Miles Ulyssis
Temperet a Lachrymis ?*

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* 2.

L O N D O N,
Printed, and Sold by R. BURLEIGH, in Amen-
Corner, 1714. (Price 3 d.)

The Jacks put to their Trumps:

A

T A L E

O F A

King JAMES'S

Irish Shilling:



Myrmidonius Delphicus: his date 1714
Temperat & Lachrymæ?
VIRGIL. Æneid. 2.

L O N D O N

Printed, and sold by R. BARRINGTON in Amen-
Corner, 1714. (Price 3 s.)

The Jacks put to their Trumps:

And took to Heav'n her Flight,

For she, and Loyally long since

Were banish'd IRRELAND quite.

A

IV.
TALE, &c.

There's few amongst us who have more

Religion than a Horse.

I.

HOW wond'rous fickle is this World!

How Fortune's Wheel turns round!

The Spoke that is to Day at Top,

To Morrow's on the Ground.

II.

When once in Dust a Monarch's laid,

His Honour soon is gone,

All in an Instant Tack about

And Court the *Rising Sun*.

B

III.

III.

True Friendship with *Africa* went,
 And took to Heav'n her Flight,
 For *She*, and *Loyalty* long since
 Were banish'd *IRELAND* quite.

IV.

The Name of *Christians* we assume,
 But are than *Pagans* worse,
 There's few amongst us who have more
 Religion than a Horse.

V.

RELIGION a *Chimera* proves,
 Heav'n has our Pray'rs the least;
 All our sincere *Devotion's* paid
 Alone to *Interest*.

VI.

While my Dear Master smil'd on me,
 Whose Image still I bear;
 I was a welcome Guest to all,
 Was courted ev'ry where.

VII.

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VII.

The Gentleman, and Tradesman too,
My Company approv'd;
In City, and at Court I dwelt,
And was by all belov'd.

VIII.

The Miser hugg'd me in his Arms,
And lock'd me in his Chest,
And never once his Visit fail'd
Before he went to Rest.

IX.

The Ladies did my Shapes approve,
My Features too admir'd,
Where ev'n my KING could never go,
Securely I retir'd.

X.

Within their Bosoms lay all Day,
And revell'd in their Arms,
I was my self all over Love,
And they all over Charms.

XIV

Thus for a Time I liv'd secure,
 And at my Heart's Content,
 But soon I found a wond'rous Change
 On *WILL*'s Establishment

XVII.

Some few, indeed, my Stamp did prize,
 As high as e're before,
 Yet as the *REVOLUTION* grew,
 I wasted more and more

XIII.

Those few at last veer'd quite about,
 And joyn'd in my Disgrace,
 They cry'd, My Master's Son, and I,
 Came both of Bastard Race.

XIV:

That I had never seen the Light,
 If *JAMES* had never run,
 That I at *Dublin* was begot,
 And was a *Cannon's* Son.

XV:

XV.

In such Contempt in short I fell,
Which was a very hard Thing,
They scurrilously us'd me there,
For nothing but a Farthing.

XVI.

Mad, you may think, to be thus us'd,
Tho' miserably poor,
Thinking I cou'dn't well be worse,
To *ENGLAND* I came o're.

XVII.

But to my Sorrow when I came,
Like Treatment there I found,
No *Jacobite* amongst 'em all
My former Value own'd.

XVIII.

All *WILL's* and best of *ANNA's* Reign,
No better was my State;
But yet I chear'd my self with Hopes,
I should be fortunate.

XIX.

XIX.

My Master's Son I thought wou'd come,
 His Father's Cause t' advance,
 I thought t' have shewn my Face again,
 And welcom'd him from *France*.

XX.

In greater Lustre thought to shine,
 Long hop'd to be prefer'd,
 T' have laid the Father's Image down
 For that of *JAMES the Third*.

XXI.

But all my Hopes abortive prov'd,
 In Need he found no *Friend*,
 There wasn't one amongst 'em all
 Would sail against the Wind.

XXII.

Misfortunes never come alone,
 Just before *ANNA* dy'd,
 By *Whigg* and *Tory* too was I
 Most basely mortify'd.

XXIII.

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XXIII.

No Piece that wore m' unhappy Face,
Amongst the Rogues would pass
For any more than what would prove
To be my Weight in Brass.

XXIV.

And now King GEORGE, and all his Tribe,
Is settl'd in the Nation,
I still a harder Fate do dread,
A far worse Transmigration.

XXV.

Some Founder soon will melt me down,
And sell my despis'd Mettle
To some damn'd Tinker in the Street,
To mend some Whore's damn'd Kettle.

XXVI.

Take Warning, Brother Jacks, by me,
Before 'tis quite too late,
Think what will be your next Remove,
If you should Transmigrate.

XXVII.

III. XXVII.

If you at Tyburn chance to swing, No Piece that is not
 You're brought all to such Passes; Amongst
 That when you quit your present Shapes, For any
 You'll change, I fear, to Affes. To be my Well

XIV.

And now King GEORGE, and all his Tribe,

F I N I S.

A far worse Transmigration.

XV.

Some Follower soon will melt me down,



Take Warning, Brother, by me,

Before 'tis quite too late,

Think what will be your Fate Remove,

If you should Transmigrate.

XXVII.

